

THE COURIER JOURNAL'S EDITORIAL ON GOOD ROADS

This Splendid Article Appeared in the Issue of Nov. 12, and Should be Carefully Read

BY EVERY MAN IN KENTUCKY

The Only Way

No state-wide system of good roads has ever resulted from any other than a State wide plan of road making. The county as a unit has always been a failure when the State as a whole is considered. The campaign now in progress to promote interest in the application of the State-aid law to the problem of roads in Kentucky should meet with a hearty and general response. Whether the state is to have its roads improved under the existing law depends upon the awakening of the various counties to their communities.

The individuals and organizations behind the campaign for 300 or more members of the Jefferson County Unit of the Kentucky Division of the National Highways Association should receive two applications for membership wherever they ask for one. The Commercial Club, the Board of Trade, the Real Estate Board, the Builders' Exchange, the Retail Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, the Rotary Club, the Engineers and Architects' Club and the Louisville Automobile Club are represented in the movement. The names of these bodies are sufficient "reference." That they are interested is sufficient proof of the importance of promoting interest in the State-aid plan, which must be put in general operation or go out of existence.

Wherever there is a general system of good roads it is the result of a comprehensive plan. As long as small governmental units operate independently there are good roads—provided the money is not wasted or stolen—where there is a large amount of valuable property, and there are bad roads in less developed sections. There is no uniformity in road making, and there is little hope of development for the less fortunate sections of the State.

England and France fought a long time ago the campaign for a country-wide system of roads made under the operation of a country-wide plan. Maccarty, in his history of England, describes the almost impassable condition of English country roads during and closing years of the Seventeenth century, and says:

"One chief cause for the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways passing through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in the year."



Make it a KODAK CHRISTMAS

The outdoor jollity, all the good things that weigh down the Christmas tables, the Jovial faces the surprise of the youngsters—may be enjoyed over and over again—if there is a Kodak in the family on Christmas Day.

Kodaks, \$6.00 to \$74.00
Brownies, \$1.00 to \$12.00

Watch our Windows for Kodak Christmas Suggestions.

L. C. WILEY

Jeweler

Earlington, - Kentucky

If this was not sufficient hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by the parochial rate."

In a very considerable portion of Kentucky bad roads reflect the plan of road making which was a failure in England more than 200 years ago. Those sections are in some respects very like rural England in the Seventeenth century. They will not be brought up to date without good roads, and they will not secure good roads unless the State-aid plan is put in State-wide operation. At present the farmers of the "rural" counties—counties without centers of population other than those supported by the surrounding agricultural community—are expected to build the roads. With the labor of their hands and that of their teams, or by the payment of taxes, they are expected to build and maintain roads for general service. Because they do not the values of their farms are kept much below what the figures would be if improved highways traversed the rural counties.

The State-aid plan is designed to equalize the burdens of taxation for roads and give the less wealthy counties an opportunity to increase their wealth by making themselves accessible to travel and by reducing the cost, and eliminating the hardships, of freight hauling and passenger transportation within their borders.

In his address at the good roads meeting Wednesday afternoon Pres. McBryde, of the Kentucky Good Roads Association, called attention to the fact that in a State-aid plan adopted 100 years ago and discontinued seventy-five years ago, Kentucky owes her best inter-county roads. Some of these roads, notably the Louisville & Nashville turnpike, reflect at once the employment of right methods of road making when they were laid down and a long period of neglect due to the inability of the poorer counties to keep them in condition. The "Old State Pike" between Louisville and Maysville has been kept up because it traverses the wealthier counties. Owing to peculiarly unfortunate conditions in Jefferson county, the worst part of the Louisville-Maysville road is, usually, the section lying within the boundaries of Jefferson, the richest county in the State, but even in Jefferson the Louisville-Maysville road has not been allowed to go to pieces.

Mr. Dunlap, speaking for the National Highways Association, of which he is assistant director general, ended his address with the following appeal for attention to the importance of the campaign which the meeting inaugurated:

"I want to leave this one thought with you, and it should impress you more than any statement that could be made—that is: If enough counties do not take advantage of State-aid during the year 1915 to show that State-aid is wanted it will be the easiest matter in the world for a few enemies of good roads to repeal, as before stated, your present legislation, which will, if you please, retard the good roads movement in Kentucky at least twenty years."

There are differences of opinion as to whether the Kentucky law is as good as it might be made. In all of its provisions, but it will not be improved by disease, and there is between advocates of good roads no difference of opinion as to the State aid plan being essential to the development of a State-wide system of roads. There can be no difference of opinion upon the point that the poorer counties are the counties having the greater opportunity to profit by taking advantage of the State-aid plan. Jefferson county's interest lies in promoting the State development. The road problem in this county will be but little affected by the addition of a trifling amount—in comparison to the sum representing the county levy—to the annual road fund, by application for State aid. Yet Jefferson should be the leader in the effort to awaken the whole State.

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, discharges gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of bladder troubles, removing gravel, the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggists will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from Kentucky and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 200 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by Druggists.

To the Lonely Man or Woman! Church Is the Place For You.

LET us consider this Go to Church movement—no doubt you've heard a good deal about it recently—from your viewpoint, Lonely Man or Woman.

Why should you go to church?

IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU HAVE A RIGHT THERE. THE CHURCH IS GOD'S HOUSE, THE HOUSE OF "OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN." AS WE ARE HIS SONS AND DAUGHTERS, THE SUBJECTS OF HIS LOVING CARE, WE SHOULD FREQUENT HIS HOUSE AS WE ARE GLAD TO VISIT THE HOUSE OF AN AFFECTIONATE PARENT. NO ONE MAY BAR OUR WAY TO THAT HOUSE; NO ONE MAY SHUT IN OUR FACES THE DOORS OF GOD'S HOLY TEMPLE WHEREIN HE ABIDES TO WELCOME US WHEN WE WOULD COMMUNE WITH HIM. IN TIME OF JOY OR TIME OF SORROW HE AWAITS US THERE.

Therefore, Go to Church!

In the second place, you will find there, not only spiritual comfort, but also the presence of kindred souls. Drawn to the altar by human loneliness and the need of feeling God's presence ever near and dear, you will find assembled in church the RIGHT SORT OF MEN AND WOMEN with whom to form earthly relationships.

Their presence in church is a guarantee of their innate goodness of heart. The wastrel, the immoral character, the idler, do not go to church. Reverence does not appeal to them. The services tire them. They can find more congenial companionship elsewhere.

Church is not for them unless they enter it with a sincere desire to reform. Then you may extend to them the hand of fellowship. The clergyman, the minister to God's people, will aid you in determining to whom you may open your heart. He will be your safe guide when you—

GO TO CHURCH.

President Wilson on The Railroads

"The railroads of the country are almost as much affected, not so much because their business is curtailed as because their credit is called in question by doubt as to their earning capacity. There is no other interest so central to the business welfare of the country as this. No doubt in the light of the new day with its new understandings the problems of the railroads will also be met and dealt with in a spirit of candor and justice."—President Wilson in letter to Secretary McAdoo.

Court of Appeals Finds For Imperial Tobacco Co.

Expect to Resume Business In Western Kentucky.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 19.—The Appellate Court today reversed the Union county circuit court in the case of the Imperial Tobacco Company, which was fined \$3,500 for conspiracy to depress the price of leaf tobacco.

The court held that under the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the anti-trust law of Kentucky unconstitutional as amended by the Orecelius pooling act, the action should be dismissed.

Henderson Ky., Nov. 19.—Without authority to speak for the Imperial, it is assumed that as all obstacles to the company's continuing in business are removed by the judgement of the highest court of the State, it will resume business as one of the active competitors in the tobacco market, which will mean a great deal to the community, as the Imperial had heretofore been one of the best buyers.

Christian Church

Sunday School 9:30 a. m.

Lord's Supper and Morning

Sermon 10:30 a. m.—Subject:

"Intimate with Christ."

Night service begins promptly

at 7:30—Subject: "Religion and

Marriage"—This is the fourth in

the exercises on Religion and

Life Problems.

All always welcome.

Hear in

Tables not

but improve

then the dis

Dealers.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try this! Makes your hair thick, glossy, fluffy, beautiful

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of Dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

No Special Cure For Gattle Disease

Department of Agriculture to be aware of men, posing as agents of the Federal Government, selling a so-called cure for foot and mouth disease. Officials say there is no specific cure.

FINE PROGRESS

Night School Enrollment Increases From Eighteen to Forty-seven

STUDENTS VOTE IN FAVOR OF FIVE NIGHTS EACH WEEK

The Earlington Night School, which opened with such good promise on Monday evening, as reported in the last issue of the Bee, has more than fulfilled that promise. On Monday evening the enrollment was eighteen, divided into three grades. Tuesday evening there were thirty-two, Wednesday evening forty-one, and Thursday evening the enrollment grew to forty-seven. The entire teaching force of the Earlington Graded and High School has been on duty as volunteers in this work and, in addition, there have been several other volunteers who have taken more or less part in the work of instruction including Misses Elizabeth Long, Villa Sleek, Fern Stokes; Messrs Edgar Arnold, H. J. Brazelton and Paul M. Moore. Four rooms and the hall are in use nightly and the classes are divided so that much individual instruction is given. The enthusiasm of students and of instructors is genuine and cheering and the attendance indicates that a large proportion of those enrolled will be there regularly. On Monday evening the decision of the classes was in favor of four nights each week. Tuesday evening the question was again put and all asked for five nights, so that now the classes are to be held every night except Saturday and Sunday. In spite of the cold wave the building was warm last night and everybody was comfortable.

Prof. Dudley has received a letter from Prof. Cherry, of the Western Kentucky Normal, who had read the news in the daily papers, congratulating the faculty, the school and the community upon this fine forward movement, in line with the best work being done in Kentucky.

BREAKS A COLD IN JUST A FEW HOURS

"Pape's Cold Compound" ends gripe misery—Don't Stay stuffed-up!

You can end gripe and break up a severe cold either in head, chest, body or limbs, by taking a dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until three doses are taken.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up. Quit blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief a "Pape's Cold Compound" which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Be sure you get the genuine.

Thanks Giving Services

Union Thanksgiving Services will be held at the M. E. Church South, next Wednesday night. All prayer meetings held on that night will be merged into this service. The sermon will be preached by Brother Z. T. Conway, of the Baptist church. It is fitting that everyone in this way give recognition to the blessings we have, and their source and the house should be filled. The singing will be in charge of the combined choirs of all the churches.

An Active Liver Means Health

If you want good health, a clear complexion and freedom from dizziness, Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches and indigestion, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They drive out fermenting and undigested food, clear the blood and cure Constipation. Only 25c at your druggist.

SPECIAL AGENT

R. T. Ewing Makes Important Arrest

GETS TWO CROOKS AT FRANKLIN, TENN.

Wins Two Hundred Dollars Reward

R. T. Ewing, special agent for the L. & N., and who also is a candidate and expects to be the next sheriff of Hopkins County, is still on the job, and made two important arrests in Franklin, Tenn. last Friday, as the following article reads:

Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 13.—Chas. Speck, alias Joe Murphy, and Frank Johns, an ex-convict sent from this county for robbery and who is out on parole, were arrested here last Tuesday for breaking into a freight car at South Tunnel, Tenn., and taking a quantity of whisky and a box of cigars. Most of the booty was recovered. They were taken to Gallatin, Tenn., this week by Robert T. Ewing, special agent for the L. & N. Railroad company, having heard that the Simpson County Hardware company, of this place, had been robbed several days ago and a quantity of merchandise taken, suspected the men, as Johns formerly lived here. Two of the stolen guns had been pawned to a merchant at Nashville, Tenn., and the pawn broker was taken to Gallatin, Tenn., to identify the robbers. Speck was identified as the party who pawned the guns. They were brought here today by Ewing and confessed that they committed the robbery. A reward of \$200 had been offered by the citizens and the Simpson County Hardware company for the arrest of the guilty parties. Ewing will receive the entire reward. He has assisted the officers here a number of times in running down criminals. Ewing is a candidate in Hopkins county for the democratic nomination for sheriff and has the necessary qualifications to make a good one.

BEST LAXATIVE FOR BOWELS—"CASCARETS"

When constipated, headachy, bilious, breath bad, stomach sour

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your druggists. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipated Bowels. Cascarets belong in every household. Children just love to take them.

Cheek-Stewart

Mr. George Cheek and Miss Gladys Stewart, two popular young people of St. Charles, were married by Howard J. Brazelton, at the parsonage Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. They were accompanied by George Jenkins and Miss Charlie Woodruff. The happy couple will go to housekeeping at once.

itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles have yielded to Dr. King's Ointment. 50c at all drug stores.

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XIV.

A Double Escape.

On Nauset Beach, in the shank of a midsummer night, two men sprawled on the sands, some distance back from the water, and listened to the heavy thumping of their overtaxed hearts, and panted.

Now and again one would lift his head and stare out over the black face of the waters at a little line of reddish flames about a mile off shore, all that remained to witness to the fact that, an hour since, these two had been in command of as trim a small schooner as ever ventured the coastwise trip from Portland to New York.

As far out again shone the starboard light of a becalmed schooner, whose people had been directly responsible for the disaster which had overtaken the smaller vessel.

In the course of time, beginning to breathe with more ease, one of the two marooned gentlemen said:

"What I can't understand—anyway—is why these damned thugs out there thought we'd be asses enough to stay aboard the Seaventure and get burned up."

The other replied: "Did they?" "Looks that way—doesn't it? If they didn't, why were we permitted to swim ashore at our elegant leisure? There was nothing to prevent their rowing round to cut us off."

"Maybe they did, at that, and missed us, Mr. Law-and-Order!"

"But—"

"We were a wee mite excited you've got to admit. It's just possible we didn't hear the noise of their oars. And it's black enough for them to have overlooked us. A man's head in the water isn't really a conspicuous object on a dark night."

"Tell me, Barcus, what's the nearest symptom of civilization?"

"Chabam village," said Mr. Barcus, "six miles to the northward, and cut off by an inlet a mile or so wide at that."

Mr. Law groaned soulfully.

"Then there's the Lighthouse on Monomoy point," Mr. Barcus pursued, "three miles to the south."

Mr. Law said nothing whatever to this.

"Of course," his companion reflected morosely, "this had to happen in mid-summer! A month earlier we'd have

and commented soulfully: "On—damn!"

"That goes double here," his companion rejoined. "And the way I see it, I've got a right to do all the cussing at this juncture of our horrid foolish, but fascinating adventures. I'm the injured party—it was my boat, and now it's gone. I'm broke for fair. Gee!" he pursued vindictively.

"Oh, let up, can't you?" Mr. Law exclaimed peevishly. "I'm sorrier than you are—and after all, it's my loss; I've got to buy you another boat. All you've lost is your temper."

"And my susceptibility to the charms of the well-known sex," Mr. Barcus corrected. "Nothing can ever restore my lost faith in gentle woman's gentleness. When you brought that young woman aboard I thought butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and for a while I actually contemplated doing her the kindness of tipping you over into the drink, so's she could lavish her tender affections on a regular guy, someone able to appreciate her—meaning me, of course. And first thing I know, she ups and points a gun at my head and tips me overboard, and then makes a pretty bonfire out of my sailboat. And all the excuse you can produce is that she's crazy in the head! Well, who said she wasn't?"

Any woman who would consent to elope with you is a fit subject for a commission de lunatic inquisition, all right."

"If you inflicted any such monologue as that on Judith," retorted Mr. Law, "I don't blame her for trying to slay you, and I'm sorry I interfered."

"There's gratitude for you!" Mr. Barcus remarked bitterly. "I risk my life for you, and you won't even let me talk about it!"

"It isn't your talking I mind—it's the everlasting noise you make," Mr. Law explained. "Besides—listen!"

For a moment the two maintained attentive silence.

A silken whisper troubled the silence, a little flutter of sound from far across the waters. Gradually it gathered volume, became recognizable as the flap of cautious oars.

"I'm going away from here," Mr. Barcus announced guardedly, and gathered his legs under him preparatory to rising.

"Half a second," Alan Law insisted, rising in turn and grasping the other by the arm. "They've got to land—haven't they?—and leave the boat while they look for us. Well, then, what's to prevent our hiding in the dunes and—?"

In the next breath, "Look out!" he shrieked.

With no warning whatever, and within fifty feet of them, a ghastly flare broke out in full blaze on the surface of the water, revealing the shape of a dory which had drawn in unseen under cover of the profound darkness, and at the same time discovering to its occupants the two startled figures on the beach.

Before they could stir the weird light glimmered on a polished weapon in the bow of the boat, a spiteful tongue of reddish flame spat out, a bullet sang between Messrs. Law and Barcus, and with a sad thud of disappointment buried itself in the sands of the wave-eaten bluff behind them.

Like twin automatons stirred to action by the report, the two turned and pelted off down the beach, to escape that deadly area of illumination.

Other shots sped after them, but none was so well aimed, and presently, finding a break in the bluff, they swung off into the grateful shelter of the night-wrapped dunes.

Meantime the dory had grounded on the beach, and its several occupants—four or five of them, all men, apparently—jumping out, set off in pursuit of the fugitives, following the tracks in the sand.

The blackness of the night, however, conspired with the savage labyrinth of the dunes to save Alan and his companion.

Within another five minutes—while still the pursuit floundered and haphazardly at random a round quarter-mile to the south—Mr. Law and Mr. Barcus were noiselessly squirming on their bellies, like two snakes in the beach-grass, up the back of a ten-foot bluff. And presently from its brow they looked down on the spot where the dory lay, only its bow out of water, its stern afloat, under armed guard.

Very slowly and stealthily Alan got to his feet and swung back over his shoulder a heavy club of driftwood.

A match spluttered beside the dory and flamed in the still air, relieving with its reddish glow a bronzed and evil visage.

The guard puffed fast and had the tobacco well aglow when the sky took advantage of his trustfulness and fell upon him like an avalanche.

Simultaneously Alan and Barcus descended the face of the bluff in two miniature landslides, dug themselves out, and by the time the dazed and disarmed guard had sufficiently recovered to cry out for help the dory was a hundred yards off the beach and making excellent time in the direction of that heavy screen held

Only an ominous silence rewarded the utmost efforts of their straining senses; no sound was audible other than the gentle whine of an ungreased block; nothing was visible beyond the sinister glare of that almost stationary green lantern.

"What think?" Barcus inquired in a dubious undertone.

"No telling," Alan replied in the same manner. "All a chance."

"You've got that gun handy?"—with reference to the rifle of which they had despoiled the victim of the sky's ill-faith.

"Here."

"Then—let's go to it! Give way!"

A dozen lusty strokes brought them alongside the schooner, and as the dory scraped the waist of the larger vessel the two young men dropped oars, rose, and seizing the low gunwales, lifted themselves to the deck.

Nothing opposed them; the deck was ignorant of other footsteps than their own, the schooner as silent as only a becalmed ship can be.

Without further consultation, Alan led quickly aft and down the companionway to the cabin, where a dim light burned—a smoky lamp swinging in gimbals above a cluttered table.

Of the two stateroom doors one disclosed an empty cabin, the other was locked.

Trying the handle roughly, Alan fancied he heard a sound within. Pausing, he called, with a thrill of fearful hope:

"Hello, in there!"

The response was cry of incredulous delight: "Alan!"

By way of answer Alan hurried himself bodily against the door. At the second impact of shoulders backed by a hundred and eighty pounds of solid flesh and determination, the lock splintered away from its socket, the door flew open with a bang—and Alan into the room with a cry: "Rose!"

His sweetheart met him half-way, her arms uplifted, her countenance transfigured.

And Mr. Barcus turned and slowly ascended the companionway, his nose wrinkled with misgivings.

"Blest if I know how he thinks he can tell 'em apart," he remarked. "Not that I blame him for taking a chance; it wouldn't pain me any to find out I'd kissed the wrong girl by mistake—not that, in, unless she didn't care for my technique."

"In that case," he allowed, "I guess the sequel would be apt to prove tolerable agonizing!"

Some ten minutes later a hall from the deck broke the embrace of the lovers:

"Below there! I say—Law!—wind a-coming!"

But that stipulated delay was several times multiplied before Alan showed up on deck to find Barcus bending a laborious back to the capstan.

"Tend a hand, can't you?" Barcus complained, blowing heavily. "I didn't interrupt your amours just to get an audience. The sooner we get this anchor in—"

Alan checked him with a hand on his arm. "What's that?" he demanded in a tone tense with apprehension.

The muffled running of a heavy-duty marine motor drifted down on the wings of the sluggish wind.

"Don't ask me—I'm afraid to guess!" "But they couldn't possibly!"

"Since when did you set up to be a judge of possibilities? Nothing probable ever happened to you in all your young life—'s far's I can make out. As for me—I know there are at least two life-saving stations on Nauset, both with modern equipment—motor lifeboats and all; and nothing will ever persuade me that pack of wolves would stick at breaking in and confiscating one of the same. It's as likely as not—only more so. Our present business is to get the h—l out of here—and not advertise our exit, either. Take that port light in and dowsie it, while I do the same by the starboard. Then duck below, warn your Dulcinea, and put out the cabin lamp. That way—if this blackness and our bull-dock only holds—we may manage an evasion!"

There followed an exceedingly busy quarter of an hour for two constrained, in pitch darkness to grope their way about the decks and familiarize themselves with the idiosyncrasies of a strange two-masted. Nevertheless, the end of that period found the schooner with canvas full and sheets taut, a good easterly breeze abeam, swiftly weaving a wake southwards—the light on Monomoy point watching her curiously from over the starboard beam.

"Hear anything more of that power boat?" Alan asked, joining Barcus by the wheel.

"Nothing—wind too fresh. Make yourself easy on the soft side of a plank here. I'll land you a kick in the slats when so minded—or when it's your trick at the wheel."

With a chuckle, Alan obediently stretched himself out on the deck.

"I say—Law!"

"Simple when you know how," Alan commented. "Of course, I always did say that truth was a stranger to fiction. Cuddle down, now, and I'll talk you insensible."

His accents already merging in with the swish of the longslide waves, the bubbling of the wake, and the many-toned composite voice of the ship in being, unconsciousness like a cloud descended upon Alan's overworn faculties.

He woke mutinously, with a yawn and a shiver in the gray of a tarnished daybreak, to find that fog pressed heavily upon the face of the waters, a mist so thick that from the stern the waist of the vessel was almost invisible, the bows completely so.

Barcus stood over him, at the wheel, fairly reeling with weariness, his eyes blood-shot, swollen, and half-closed in a face like a mask of fatigue.

"Can't keep this up much longer," he apologized thickly; "stood it about as long as I can. Take your trick and give me forty winks."

Grateful solicitude brought Alan instantly to his side, though he himself was sluggish and stiff and sore in all his limbs.

"You're a brick!" he protested. "Why didn't you call me sooner?"

"No good; I knew the way—you didn't. That is, I did until this occurred fog closed down a couple of hours ago. Now—God knows where

The sixth member of the boarding party was Judith Trine.

We are—by my reckoning, somewhere in Nantucket sound, west of Monomoy."

Grasping a small brass handle affixed to the wheel box, he jerked it sharply three times, and the automatic horn blared raucously a threefold response up forward.

"Keep that going," he begged, "three blasts in a row and a minute interval—and if the devil takes care of his own we may possibly escape being run down."

With a sigh, relinquishing the wheel, he collapsed upon the deck and was almost instantly asleep.

The wind had fallen until barely enough air stirred to keep way on the vessel; she moved in silence, a spectral ship upon a spectral sea of long, oily awells and the complexion of lead. Either and yon in the obscurity, fog-signals of other shipping sounded a concert of discordance—the man-power born of a catboat crying the warning back to the deep-throated whistle of a coastwise steamship and the impertinent drumming of a motor-boat's exhaust with the muffler cut out.

This last boxed the compass, sounding now near, now far, though the complaints of other shipping diminished in volume and died away in the distance, giving place to others still, the plutter-plutter of that motor was never altogether lost; if at times it faded, it seemed certain always to return in even louder volume.

Vainly straining his vision against the blank pallor of the encompassing fog, Alan wondered, worried, dreaded!

At irregular intervals, starting from preoccupation, he would manipulate the brass pull on the wheel-box, provoking the horn's stammering blasts of protest. But the need for unremitting vigilance and exercise of the fog-signal failed none the less to reconcile Alan to that hasty clamor which so widely and so hideously advertised their whereabouts.

If there were anything still to be feared from Judith and her crew—if, for instance, as Barcus had suggested, they had sought out one of the life-saving stations on Nauset beach, appropriated its power-driven lifeboat and renewed the pursuit, if ever they heard that horn there would beyond question be the devil to pay!

The loneliness of his vigil was eventually relieved by the appearance on deck of the woman Alan loved.

The tableau that greeted her vision as she emerged from the companionway, of the haggard, unshaven wretch at the wheel and the other who lay at his feet, where he had fallen, in a stupor of fatigue, instantly wrung from Rose

a little cry of pain. Alan was quick to do what little she could to alleviate their discomfort. For Barcus she fetched a pillow and blanket from the cabin, and the one suffered her ministrations without once rousing from his slumbers. Then hastening forward, she got the galley fire going and prepared a makeshift breakfast for her half-finished lover.

Warm food and hot coffee—such as they were—lending a little tone to Alan's spirits, he was presently able to discuss their situation with some optimism. Yet nothing could gloss the fact that the problem confronting them was one whose solution huffed their utmost ingenuity—one the simple contemplation of which taxed their courage and intelligence to the extreme.

He summed up: "I can't see anything for it but father and Judith are determined to have my scalp, and I'm hanged if I can see how to protect myself without taking a leaf out of their books. What I'm most afraid of is that some time I may forget it's a woman I'm defending myself against. When a fellow's fighting for his very life he can't always stop to calculate the weight of his blows."

The young man sighed, shook his head, laughed uncertainly, and held her closer to him. "Don't fear; I'll find some way out without injuring either of them. I promise you that!"

He sealed the pledge upon her lips. And in that moment of their oblivion to the world from some point forward a muffled crash sounded simultaneously with the dull shock of a collision with a smaller vessel, and a strange voice cried out with an accent of high exultation.

Before either Alan or the girl could disengage the decks rang loud with a rush of booted feet pounding aft.

The figures of the boarding party were already taking shape through the fog as Alan spring toward the companionway to fetch the rifle. And in this action his feet slipped on planks greasy with moisture deposited by the surcharged atmosphere. He went down with a stumbling thump, and an instant later two men fell bodily upon him—active, strong fellows in the dress of fishermen. He was suffered to rise only as a prisoner, helpless in the grasp of two pairs of powerful hands.

He saw Barcus, rudely roused and still dumb with sleepy confusion, in no better case—jerked to his feet and held captive by two more fishermen. A fifth had taken charge of Rose, clamping her wrists in the vise of one big hand.

The sixth and sole other member of the boarding party, likewise in the rough-and-ready garb of a fisherman, was Judith Trine.

Down the side a heavy lifeboat ground its way astern, the loose end of its painter slipping over the rail even as Alan caught sight of it. (So it seemed Barcus had guessed shrewdly!)

Observing this, one of the men in charge of Alan made as if to leave him to the other, addressing Judith for permission to prevent the loss of the lifeboat. She stopped him with a peremptory gesture.

"No—let it go. We're better off without it. Hold that man fast till I fetch a rope. We'll make sure of them both this time!"

Straining forward in the grasp of her guard, Rose implored her sister: "Judith, in pity's name, think what you are doing!"

"Hold your tongue!" Judith snapped viciously. "Another whimper out of you, and I'll have you gagged!"

The balance of her threat, though accompanied by the exhibition of an automatic pistol, was drowned out by the sudden roar of a steamship fog-signal, so close aboard that it seemed almost to emanate from the forepart of the schooner herself.

As it was answered by shrill and hoarse cries of terror or of warning from a dozen throats, Alan found himself released, his captors leaping for their lives to the taffrail.

He caught an instantaneous glimpse of the knife-like bow of a great steamer towering above the two-masted schooner as a knife through cheese. And the two halves were fairly driven under water by the frightful force of the blow.

Thunders deafening him, Alan was hurled bodily through the air fully twenty feet.

When he came up he struck out at random, blindly tormented by the vision of Rose caught in the suck of that gigantic wheel, drawn under, crushed and mangled by the propeller of the vast black bulk whose flank was sliding past, like the face of a cliff, ten yards behind his shoulders.

Aware of several dark objects dotting the surface within a radius of several yards, he swam for the nearest; the head was a woman's, the face turned toward him, the face of Rose.

He gasped wildly: "Keep cool! Don't struggle! Put one hand on my shoulder and—"

What happened then was never quite clear to him; he only knew that he was forced to fight for his very life—that the woman, as soon as he came within reach, flung herself upon him like some maddened animal, clutching his throat, winding her limbs round his, dragging him down and down.

Primitive instinct alone saved him.



Accompanied by the Exhibition of an Automatic Pistol.

He remembered later, most vaguely, the culmination of that duel beneath the waters—remembered feeling an arm, drawing it back, delivering a blow from his shoulder, with all his strength, finding himself free, struggling back to the air.

Then a boathook caught the back of his shirt and dragged him for some distance, until two strong hands caught him beneath the armpits and held his head above the water.

He looked up wildly into the face of Barcus, and, still bewildered, struggled feebly.

The other's voice brought him back to his senses. "Easy, old top! Take it easy! You're all right now—rest a minute, then help me get you aboard."

He obeyed, controlling his panic as best he might; and presently, with considerable assistance from Barcus, contrived to scramble in over the gunwales of a boat which proved to be the stolen lifeboat.

Aside from Barcus and himself it held one other person only—the woman he loved, crumpled up and unconscious in the bow.

He strove to rise and go to her, to make sure that still she lived. Barcus restrained and quieted him.

"There! Easy, I say! She's all right—fainted—that's all! She and I took the water in practically the same spot, and I'll bet she's all right. No way within half a dozen strokes. No trouble at all—in a manner of speaking!"

"But the steamer—"

"Why fret about her? At the pace she was making she couldn't have stopped within half a mile. We'll be all right now—with power to fetch us to land."

"But the others—Judith!" Alan set up and leaned over the gunwale, searching an oily, leaden expanse spotted only with a few splinters and bits of wreckage. "I left her out there—unconscious—she'll drown, I tell you!"

"And I'll tell you something!" said Mr. Barcus severely. "You'll lie quiet and shut up or I'll dent your dome with the shaft of an oar. Let her drown—and a good job, I say! Don't you know the meaning of 'enough'? Merciful heavens, man, you're the most insatiable glutton for punishment ever!"

But Alan wasn't listening. His face was as lightless as the waters that swam beneath his lack-luster gaze. There was a horror in his heart that numbed even the sense of relief, of deliverance, that penetrated his being like a shock of mortal pain.

Dead! Judith dead! Back there, in the fog and the cold . . . dead by his hand!

Continued

Get the Most For Your Watch Money

Don't be satisfied with any kind of a watch.

Buy a watch that you'll treasure as a companion—

A watch that's more than a mere timekeeper—

A watch that fits your ideas of refinement and beauty.

"South Bend" Watch.

You'll admire its thin line smart appearance.

But best of all, you'll like its dependable accuracy—

And the longer you are associated with it the higher you'll prize a South Bend Watch.

Come in and let us show you one.

L. C. Wiley, Jeweler



With a Cry: "Rose!"

had the life-saving patrol to look to for protection. But the service was suspended in June and July."

A silence commenced eloquently on this assertion, broken only when Mr. Law voiced a thought bred of long and malignant observation of the schooner's green eye:

"I'd give a deal to know who's aboard that vessel."

"You don't mean you think your regular young woman?"

"It's possible. Judith kidnaped Rose in Portland. That's not so far from Gloucester; a motor car could have caught that schooner before she called to waylay us, this morning. And what better way to take care of an able-bodied, full-tempered girl you've kidnaped than to ship her somewhere by sea, in the care of trustworthy hellions?"

"Don't ask me—I've done very little kidnaping for one of my years."

"For tuppence," said Mr. Law, "I'd sink a swim off to that boat and see for myself."

"For two million dollars—I would not!" Barcus affirmed with great decision.

A moment or so later the line of little flames went out altogether and unexpectedly; and the owner of the late Seaventure fancied he could hear, even at that distance, the hiss of charred and smoldering timbers sucked under and drowned out.

"Exit," he announced plaintively, "exit Seaventure," with heroic gesture. "K. I. P. a good little ship!"

Alan Law sat up, abstractedly scrubbing a street of sand. Above his shoulder

Knowledge - Power - Success

Save your
COUPONS

Help your favorite Boy or
Girl secure a full
Course Scholarship

BOYS - GIRLS

Hundreds of Dollars worth of valuable scholarships in the well known Lockyear's Business College, Incorporated, of Evansville, Ind., will be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE in our

Popular Voting Contest

When you make purchases at the Grand Leader or the Moore Hardware Store ask for votes

Scholarships are good until used.

Six Business Scholarships Given Away Free!

Each and every Candidate who remains in the contest will surely receive one Months TUITION FREE. EVERYBODY GET IN

Grand Leader and R. E. Moore Hardware Store, Madisonville, Ky.

RULES GOVERNING POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

Cast your votes for your favorite Boy or Girl in any of the following districts. The Grand Leader and R. E. Moore Hardware Store, Madisonville, Ky., are the only merchants who are authorized to give Coupons, with purchases of merchandise. Coupons will be given with each cash purchase. Buy merchandise tickets from the Grand Leader or Moore's Hardware Store, the candidates, or from the representatives of Lockyear's Business College, Incorporated, and receive 1,000 votes with each merchandise ticket. You will receive votes with all your purchases whether you buy merchandise tickets or not.

District No. 1

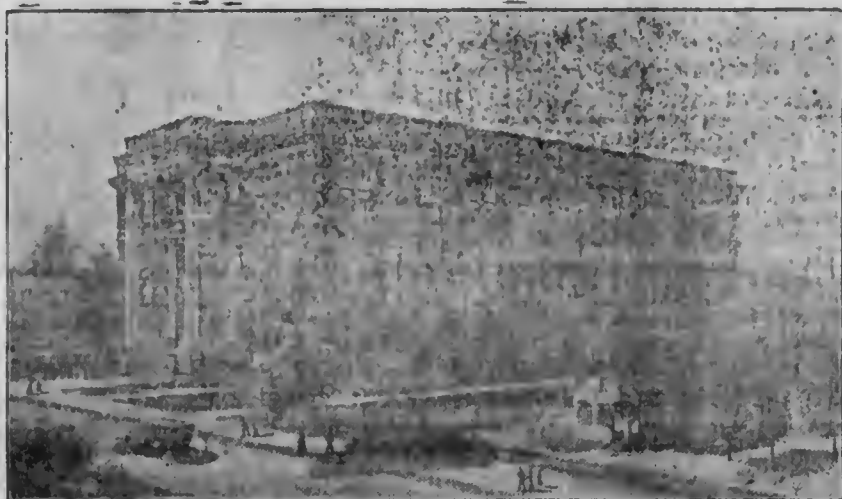
The two (2) receiving the highest number of Votes in this District will be rewarded with a full Scholarship each.

Madisonville, Victoria Mines to Atkinson Junction, Bassett's Saw Mill to and including the Reincke Mines.

District No. 2

The candidate in this district receiving the highest number of votes will be awarded a full Scholarship Free.

All the Magisterial Districts Nos. 1 and 2



NEW COLLEGE BUILDING

14 to 20 UPPER FIFTH STREET
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

Finest school building. Best Location. Strong, cordial, helpful teachers. Strictly up-to-date equipment. Intensely practical and fascinating courses of study. Cheap Board

District No. 3

The candidate in this District receiving the highest number of votes will be awarded one full Scholarship Free.

All of Magisterial District No. 4, and including Slaughterville

District No. 4

The candidate in this district who receives the highest number of votes will be awarded a full Scholarship Free.

All of Magisterial District No. 5, and No. 7, Exact that part included in No. 1.

District No. 5

The candidate in this district who receives the highest number of votes will be awarded a full Scholarship Free.

All Magisterial District No. 2, Except that part included in district No. 1.

Extra

Morris Kohlman, owner of the Grand Leader, and R. E. Moore are honest and reliable merchants; they will always give you full value for your money. These merchants have been established in Madisonville, Ky., for a great number of years. They are behind this Scholarship Contest.

LOCKYEAR'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Incorporated, Evansville Ind., has been established over 21 years. We have graduates in your midst. We are behind these merchants. Secure your votes at the GRAND LEADER and the R. E. MOORE HARDWARE STORE, Madisonville, Kentucky.

Standing of Candidates will be posted in Public places EACH WEEK

Grand Leader and R. E. Moore Hardware Store

Madisonville, Kentucky

Josephus A. Rosen, Special Representative

Saturday November 21st between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., everybody who visits the Grand Leader Store, Madisonville, Ky., will receive 250 votes in the SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST now in progress and a good quality ruler. Free of charge. You do not have to make a purchase to get this.

Making a Man of Him

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

"Who is the indylike young man visiting you, Mrs. Crabtree?"

"My nephew."

"He looks as if he had come to a bandbox. What's his name?"

"Albert."

"What are you going to do with him, put him in a store window to show his clothes?"

"No. I brought him here to try to make a man of him. He is my brother's son. His father died when he was a baby, and he has been brought up by a doting mother. He had a nurse till he was fourteen, then a governess. Since then his mother has not been willing to trust him with any one but herself, and she is the worst caretaker he has ever had."

"Poor fellow! I have known cases like that."

"His father was a splendid man, and he is as like him as possible at his age except, while the father was taught to rely on himself, the son is handicapped by a mother who wishes to make a milkop of him."

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

"That's it exactly. You can dwarf a man as well as a tree. Now, Bess, I wish you to help me make a change in the boy."

"I? How can I do anything about it?"

I suggested a plan by which she could make a start in Bert's reformation. He had never associated with any one but girls, and I knew that if I turned him at once over to the boys they would soon send him back to me. I proposed to initiate him through a girl who was more of a boy than boys usually are. There was something else I didn't tell Bess. In order to get Bert away from his mother I told her that I would make him my heir. But he was to remain with me so long as I lived.

I warned Bess to go slow at first with Bert, but she didn't heed the warning. She took him out in a canoe, upset it on purpose and was obliged to swim ashore, holding him up, for he couldn't swim a stroke. The feat was difficult, and it sobered the girl. She didn't upset him any more, but she forced him to learn to swim.

His next lesson was in horseback riding. Her first lesson in this was more gentle than her swimming lesson. At any rate, she gave it on turf where there was no danger of killing him when he took a tumble, which he did every few minutes during his first lesson. Bess was encouraged from the fact that when thrown he scrambled back on to his horse without being urged to do so.

When winter came such sports as swimming, horseback riding and the like gave place to skating and skiing. Bert put on skates, which he had never used, hobbled down to the ice, his feet went up into the air, and he went down on the back of his head. But he was true grit and, getting up, struck out, fell again and kept it up, Bess alternately laughing and encouraging him. Then she skated with him, and doubtless he found that quite pleasant.

I don't claim that Bert made a first class swimmer or skater or rider. To do these well one must begin very young. Indeed, it was not my purpose to make him proficient in any of these. What I wished was to draw him away from the feminine tastes his mother, his governess and his nurse had implanted in him. He developed a taste for manly amusements, and this drew him toward manliness generally. Bess took charge of him when he was seventeen, and when she had had him a year he would occasionally break away from her for companions of his own sex. Within two years there was not a vestige of femininity in him. Then he went to college, and since he had developed physically, coming as he did of brawny stock, he surprised us all by becoming a candidate for and winning a place on the university football team.

When his college won the championship during his senior year Bert, who was very active as well as strong, was one of the principal men on the team, and it was he who gained the points that gave them the game. I took Bess to see the game, and she was not only very much interested in it, but very proud of one whom she had converted from a Miss Nancy to a sterling man.

I had observed that this training of my nephew had been attended with that of which I by no means disapproved. It was plain that the two had become seriously attracted to each other. The day Bert was graduated from college he came to me and told me that he and Bess were engaged. Bess came to me as soon as he had left me to see for herself how I viewed the matter.

"Well, Bess," said I, "you have made a man out of a milkop and"—

"He never was a milkop!" she interrupted angrily.

"Anyway, I suppose you deserve him and something else besides—a pecuniary consideration."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, bridling.

I told her that when Bert had come to me I had promised his mother to make him my heir. "I will do better than that," I added. "I will settle a fourth of my fortune on you and him jointly now."

Bess sprang into my arms.

The Bee

PAUL M. MOORE,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
J. E. FAWCETT
ASSOCIATE EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER

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Kentucky Press Association
and
Second District Publishers League

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Entered at the Earlington
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Matter.

Friday, November 20, 1914

Effect of War on Business

Many people are asking, "What effect is the war having on business in this country?"

The simple answer is that about the only business of any consequence being done in the United States is that which is directly produced by the European War. Our industries generally had been smashed by other influences before the war began and all those whose products are not now in urgent demand by the warring countries across seas remain smashed. The railroads of the nation, with their millions of employees and dependents, were and continued to be among the supreme sufferers from overgovernment and oppression for political effect. And business generally, in large measure in the same predicament.

Notable trade benefits that are coming to certain American businesses because of the fearful necessities of war-stricken Europe but emphasize the complete depression that would continue in all lines but for this war demand. Chief of these items are shown in recent commercial reports, of follows:

Enormous exports of grain and food products at fancy prices.
Contract for 18,000 tons 314 inch steel bars for projectiles.
Orders for 1,000,000 blankets for the Allies, reported from Chicago, amounting to about \$20,000,000.
Overcoating material, order for 100,000 yards.
Inquiry for 1,000,000 yards olive drab overcoating and 40,000 pairs red trousers.
In the East 240,000 blankets ordered.
Horse blankets and felt pads in large quantities.
Machinery for making projectiles.
\$6,500,000 order for wagons by the British government.
Large number of motor trucks for army use.
Order for 20 submarines, valued at \$10,000,000.
Locomotives and varied machinery.
Barbed wire to obstruct army movement.
Cartridges, gunpowder, dynamite, firearms, field-glasses, hair and shaving brushes, knives and mess tins.
400,000 barrels of sugar bought by France for about \$6,000,000.
French order to Idaho stockmen for 5,000 horses 20,000 horses for France through a Dallas firm.
Nebraska firm of horse dealers bidding on 35,000 horses worth \$5,000,000.
70,000 halters for British, Cincinnati.
300,000 pair shoes for French, Pittsburg.
400,000 sets of equipment for French, straps, belts and knapsacks.
3,000 army saddles and 300 sets artillery harness, Waco.
It is stated on best authority that orders for these materials have been enormous in some lines. It is deplorable to know that this measure of commercial revival is come to us only because of suffering and death and war and hell in Europe.

When baby suffers with cramp, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

\$850,000 is Given Red Cross in United States

New York, Nov. 18.—Contributions of more than \$850,000 have been received by the American Red Cross for relief work in Europe, according to a report issued by the society today. Of this amount \$605,000 has been expended. The report describes what has been done with the money and supplies donated. Among the supplies sent abroad were 880,500 pounds of absorbent and nonabsorbent cotton, gauze and bandages, 4,800 lbs of chloroform, twenty surgical equipments of the United States Army standard, 5,000 typhoid vaccine treatments and other materials.

H. A. H. of the American Red Cross, at Washington, are asking for more funds, to send more Surgeons and Nurses and Medical supplies. The need is great and contribution is welcomed.



The Baking Powder Question Solved

Solved once for all by Calumet. For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—unfailing in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

Received Highest Awards



A Prophecy

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Margaret and I met in Florence. We were both of an artistic make-up, and there is nothing more pleasing than the companionship of one with congenial tastes. We sauntered through the galleries of that artistic city and admired the works of art together.

Then, too, there is something unifying to kindred spirits in being thrown together in a foreign country. America to Americans on the other side of the Atlantic ocean seems so far. The customs of those countries are so different from ours. They seem so old; we so new. It is this that draws Americans abroad together who would live for years next door to each other and never form an acquaintance.

These meetings between fellow countrymen of opposite sex frequently end in love affairs, and such was the case with Margaret and me. But my suit was not successful. Whether this was due to Margaret or the influences brought to bear upon her I did not know. At any rate, I returned to my home, leaving my heart in Florence, and I realized that I would never get it back again.

On my voyage home the stateroom opposite me was occupied by a young man who had gone abroad for his health and, having failed in his quest, was coming back to die. There was no one on board whose business it was to minister to him, and the duty fell to me. I became very much attached to him, and he seemed grateful for my attentions. More than that, he seemed to love me as a brother.

I told him of my disappointment, and he seemed to be regretful for me. He tried to comfort me by telling me that he had a feeling deep down in his heart that Margaret and I would meet again and that all would be changed. "She loves you," he said. "I know it. When she refused you it was contrary to her inclinations. She will return to America much changed. Her circumstances will be different. Instead of refusing to listen to your suit she will be glad to lean upon you, happy and relieved to be loved by you."

He seemed so earnest, so sure, in what he said that I was greatly surprised. Could it be that to one so near death had been imparted something of that knowledge of future events we are prone to attribute to those who have passed the portal of eternity? The thought occurred, but I did not really believe it.

My friend lingered till we reached the coast. Then he said that, if he could be spared through the brief journey that remained to him to his home he would be content to die. I accompanied him and spent with him the few days he lived after being again under his own roof-tree. The day he died he was, or seemed to me to be, delirious.

"I see men marching," he said, "hundreds, thousands, millions. They are like flocks of wheat. A mowing machine is passing through them, and they are falling just as I have seen the grain fall in the fields of a summer day. People are fleeing before them. Some are peasants; some are gentle-folks; some are without a roof to cover them; some are starving; some are strangers in that land and, being cut off from home and friends, have no one to care for them."

At this point his voice sank to murmurs, and I understood no more. I had left Italy early in the spring, and when my friend died the leaves had not yet put forth their buds. I was busily engaged, but not so much so as to recover from my disappointment. My mind during the day constantly reverted to the man who I felt was my natural mate, and the nights were dreary without her.

Late in July there came like thunder-claps out of a clear sky declarations of war all over Europe. Hundreds of thousands of Americans were stranded there. All, or nearly all, were cut off not only from their homes, but from the wherewithal to meet their necessities. Naturally I thought of Margaret. For I had seen no announcement of her return. I would have filled my pockets with gold and gone to seek her that I might supply her necessities, but I realized that I would be unable to find her and would not likely be able to reach her if I knew where she was. All I knew of her whereabouts was that she had left Italy, for it was not intended when I parted with her to remain there after the spring opened.

Since I could not go to her I waited for her to come to me. Something told me that my lost friend's words would come true. When a steamer bringing Americans from Europe came in I was on the dock and watched eagerly those who came down the gangplank. One day I was at my post as a steamer looked, and as she swung around to back into the pier I caught sight of a pale, haggard girl standing on the deck.

I rushed to the gangplank, but was ordered away. I waited while the throng of sufferers left the ship. My eye was on Margaret, but she did not see me in the crowd on the dock. As she stepped off the gangplank I caught her in my arms. Looking up, she recognized me and broke into tears of joy. Hers was one of the bitterest of those many bitter tales. Her father had died before the outbreak of the war, and she and her mother had been lapped out in the cold with not a hundred francs on which to subsist and return home.

USE YOUR EYES

ON THIS AD

If you want to get through the winter economically and yet enjoy the best of the necessities of life...if you want to be just a little better off than you were before, **WITHOUT PAYING MORE**...then use your eyes on this ad. You can do it.

EVERY WOMAN

is especially interested just now in knowing what to wear this Winter. You can solve the perplexing problem by stepping into our Store. Our line of Winter Goods for Women and Children was never better or more complete, and the values we are offering are especially enticing.

CUT DOWN YOUR SHOE EXPENSE

Ask to see those new Shoes we have that our proving such popular sellers. They are popular because they wear so long you almost get tired of looking at them, and yet they are exceptionally comfortable and are very genteel in appearance, and moderate in price.

YOU CAN'T BEAT US

on quality or price, no matter where you go. We are determined to **KEEP AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS**, and we are doing it. It is value giving that makes this possible for us.

CANSLER & BROWN BROS.

SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

The Bee is glad to have the opportunity to announce to its many readers that the Lock-year's Business College, Incorporated, has now in progress a Popularity Contest, which is the fairest thing of its kind ever offered to the public. The Lock-year's Business College has been established over twenty-one years enjoys a splendid patronage from Hopkins County, has many graduates in this vicinity, and the plan as proposed will give to hundreds of our young people the chance to receive a business training in the school that we hear so much about.

The great enthusiasm in this contest is marvelous. It proves to the satisfaction of every earnest thinker that the people of Kentucky, and especially of Hopkins County, are alive to a situation that will benefit them educationally and socially. It is certainly a fair contest from the fact that each and every contestant will receive at least one month's free tuition. During the contest, there will be lectures, club features and entertainment in general. The slogan shall be, "Good Cheer To One And All." Mr. Fawcett, who is one of the judges in this contest, is thoroughly acquainted with the institution and, therefore, highly recommends it to the Bee readers and friends.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



A Postal Brings This Book

It is free—it tells how you can have local and long distance telephone service in your home at very small cost.

Send for it today. Write nearest Bell Telephone Manager, or

FARMERS' LINE DEPARTMENT
Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company
INCORPORATED.
MADISONVILLE, KY.

White Plains Notes

Messdames Opal Shain and Mabel Bone spent Thursday night in Mortons Gap.

Mr. and Mrs. Zellie Pendley spent Saturday night and Sunday in the country, the guest of his mother Mrs. Chas. Pendley.

Miss Lillian Harrison was in Madisonville Friday shopping.

H. M. Carty was in Madisonville Thursday.

Mrs. Mollie Tate, of Greenville, is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Eugene Johnson.

W. O. Durham motored to Madisonville Wednesday, P. M. to attend the Shriner's meeting

there.

Tom Blanks, of Mortons Gap is the guest of friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Laura Bailey and son Rice spent Monday in the country the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Stivers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bone spent Sunday with Mrs. Lucy Morton.

Mrs. Laura Bailey and son Rice spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. W. Boue.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gunn, of Mortons Gap, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Mollie Bone is in Mortons Gap this week.



Where can you Find an Overcoat Stock Like This One?

Just think of it! Over Twenty-five Hundreds of Overcoats, to select from. That is the number you will find on display in our second floor overcoat store. Nowhere in Indiana can you see a like number.

And our Overcoat Stock has more than size to recommend it—it has extra quality and low prices. For with the great value of business we do, we get first choice of patterns and styles at low quantity prices.

Priced from \$10 to \$40, you will find many to your liking at the price you want to pay. Each coat priced to show our line—tried policy of seeing how much we can give—not get. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

RAIL ROAD FARES REFUNDED ACCORDING TO MERCHANTS REBATE PLAN
MAIL AND TELEPHONE ORDERS SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST AT OUR EXPENSE

STROUSE & BROS
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

The man who whispers down a well
About the things he has to sell
Will never reap a crop of dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and
"hollers."

News of the Town

Good morning! Have you seen The Courier?
Evansville's best paper.

Mrs. L. C. Grasty visited friends in Morton one day this week.

Miss Ola Shaver is visiting in Nashville this week.

H. T. Thomas who has been visiting friends in Morganfield for several days has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Casler, of Terre Haute, who have been in the city for several days to attend the funeral of Mr. Lynn, have returned home.

FOR SALE—A room house on Catholic hill for \$500 cash, cost \$1,000.
E. A. COENEN,
718 S. Hull St., Mount Vernon, Ala.

Miss Bulah Driver, of Madisonville, was in the city Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ruth McNeal, of Madisonville, was in town Thursday.

The Needle-Craft Club met with Mrs. Rob't Priest Tuesday night. All spent a pleasant evening and several Xmas gifts were made.

Mrs. Earl Stone, of Madisonville, was in town Friday visiting friends.

Frank Coll was in town Friday on business.

Misses Nan Kirkwood and Hazel Benson, of Madisonville, were in Nortonville Friday afternoon.

Tom O'Bryan, of Madisonville, was in the city on business Friday.

Miss Dollie Banks is visiting relatives in Owensboro this week.

Mrs. W. C. Hurley is spending a few days in Russellville.

Roy Vannoy was in town on business Thursday.

Miss Ida Lee Sisk was in Madisonville one day this week.

Mrs. Rob't Priest has returned home after a few days visit in Morton Gap.

J. H. Jones spent the day with his daughter Mrs. Elsie Sisk.

Card of Thanks

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who in various ways offered their assistance during the recent illness and death of our beloved wife and mother and pray that the almighty Ruler may bestow his choicest blessings upon you.

Yours gratefully
James K. Roy and family.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion. Burdock Blood Bitters, At all drug stores. Price \$1.00.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

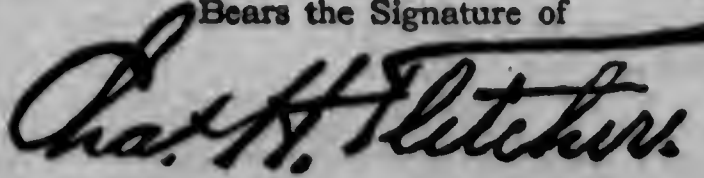
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations, and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BAD ROADS ARE GREAT LOSS

Bad roads cost the United States \$7,500,000,000 per annum is the reported estimate of the highway commissioner of Ohio. He figures that the average cost of hauling one ton one mile on a good, hard road is 3 cents, while the present average cost is 23 cents, and in some districts it is as high as 54 cents. There is no doubt respecting the economy of good roads, but such estimating as the commissioner offers takes no account of the capital outlay, necessary to get the roads. If the latter be built under the auspices and in the ways that have prevailed in the state of New York, there may be a loss of money instead of a saving. The matter is one of great importance to many mining districts, wherein wagon transportation is a high charge on ore production under present conditions and where auto trucks can offer but little help until the roads are improved.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

OILED ROADS FAIL UNDER HEAVY TRAFFIC.

Only a Small Proportion Constructed Has Been Successful.

As a matter of fact a very small proportion of the total area of oiled macadam pavement constructed has been successful. Under heavy traffic it ruts and waves very badly. It is my opinion that, even under the best conditions, this pavement has little justification. Oil has more lubricating than binding properties, and its introduction into a macadam pavement has a tendency to destroy the stability of the metal, writes an expert in the Engineering News. The successful examples of pavements of this class have been either in localities where climatic conditions are such as to evaporate the more volatile parts of the oil or where the application has been made in such a manner as to achieve the same result. Oiled macadam roads which have become so rutted as to be almost impassable have been converted into fairly good pavements by scarifying and rerolling, thereby aerating the oil and causing the evaporation of the lighter constituents.

For residence streets Oklahoma, Cal., is using exclusively some type of oil-macadam. The oil-macadam heretofore most generally used consists of the ordinary amount of macadam rock, compacted and treated with two applications of heavy road oil, aggregating one and one-half gallons to the square yard. The amount of oil is sufficient to produce an oil bound surface of about three inches in depth. This type of pavement requires careful workmanship, particularly in the matter of securing a pavement firm enough to carry heavy loads and at the same time sufficiently porous to admit the oil. With a widely differing character of the stone in common use, the daily changing weather conditions and the disagreement among experts as to the proper method of building oil-macadam streets, this attempt to build a two course macadam in one operation has been a serious problem. Results have generally been good, in many cases ideal, and in a few cases defects have developed.

ROAD BUILDING MACHINE

New Self Propelled Device is a Remarkable Invention.

A \$30,000 self propelled road building machine recently successfully tested abroad is reported to perform wonderful feat. The engine which does all the work is a six cylinder distillate burning gas engine of eighty horsepower, which operates a series of bucket chains that dig the soil to any depth down to eighteen inches, and the tooth armed buckets are so powerful that they will cut through a finished pavement if it be desired to rebuild old streets.

The earth is picked up by these buckets, carried to a mixer in the body of the machine and thoroughly combined with any desired binder, hot asphaltum or crude oil, and is then spread evenly and rolled in one operation. A trailer containing the binder follows the machine, and it is necessary to have a string of them in readiness, as the device operates with great speed. The earth is dug up, mixed, re-aid and rolled at the rate of fifty square feet a minute for an eight inch depth of asphalt pavement.

A very advantageous feature of this method of mixing is that it is uniform from base to surface, so that there is no danger of the surface's buckling. Of course where the mixture includes crushed rock it is necessary to spread the material before the machine. The chains of buckets are independent of each other, and as each has a width of six inches it is possible to form various combinations for roads of different widths.

Convicts in Highway Work.

The employment of able-bodied male convicts in highway work is recommended in the preliminary report which has recently been filed by the New York state commission on prison reform, appointed by the governor about a year ago. Several other employment are recommended for the convicts, and the conduct of all work possible under the so called honor system is favored.

A Proposal Under Difficulties

By F. A. MITCHEL

Dick Thorston and Emily Swift became engaged one night during a thunderstorm. Emily was nearly frightened to death and didn't know what Dick, who wasn't afraid of thunder, was talking about. When the storm had passed Dick said to her or, rather, began to say to her:

"Sweetheart!"

"By what right do you call me sweetheart?"

"By the right of possession. Have you not promised to marry me?"

"I promise to marry you! When did I do that?"

"Not ten minutes ago."

"You don't mean to say that you were so crazy as to talk of love with those frightful bolts striking all about us?"

"Why not? We were in no more danger than we are at all times. How do we know when we cross a street but that an automobile may knock us into eternity? At any minute one's heart may stop beating, one's—"

"Stop!"

Dick stopped and remained quiet for some time.

"Have you lost your tongue?" Emily said at last.

"You shut me up."

"I did that because you were talking so horribly."

"May I go on?"

"Of course, if you wish to."

"What was I talking about?"

She turned toward him with a glance that was intended to wither him, but said nothing.

"Oh, I remember; we were talking about the storm. It was a hummer, wasn't it?"

There was no rejoinder.

"That bolt when the flash and the thunder came together must have struck something."

The young lady pouted, but said nothing. She was fingering an ornament suspended from a gold chain about her neck.

"I wonder if it killed any one," pursued Dick.

"Perhaps it was the fool killer hunting for a victim. Maybe that's what brought it so near."

This shut the young man off again. He looked out through the window.

"See the moon shining now?" he exclaimed. "That's the finest one I ever saw. The light is brilliant."

The moonshine did not interest her. She scorned even to look at it.

"Darling," said Dick, "what makes you so cross?"

"Don't you dare call me darling!"

"Got it again right between the eyes. Do you know, Em, that I believe that our engagement, having taken place in a thunderstorm, will be fruitful of sulphur."

"Will you be good enough to explain to me what you mean by our engagement?"

"Well, I see that I propose to a young lady. The proposition, I admit, is made under tempestuous circumstances. Nevertheless, the besties!"

"That was from fright!"

"Frightening is pretty nice, anyway."

"Will you go on?"

"Verily tell us that Dido and Aeneas became engaged during a thunderstorm."

"I am not interested in Dido and Aeneas."

This was said so snappishly that it sent Dick back within himself again. He took refuge in silence.

"If you have nothing more to say to me," Emily finally broke the silence. "I see no reason for our remaining together any longer. I have things to do."

"You wouldn't leave me, would you, just after our becoming engaged? That would be like a groom spending the honeymoon in North America and the bride in China."

She rose and was sweeping out of the room when he called to her:

"What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to"—she balked.

"Say it all over again?"

"If you had a spark of sentiment you would know what to do."

"Well, while you were sitting close to me—frightened at the storm, you know—and I had my arm around your waist!"

"I don't remember that at all."

"Certainly not. You were too frightened to remember it. When my arm was around your waist and my ear close against your lips—I mean my lips were!"

"Never mind all that. Go on."

"I said: 'Don't be frightened, dear. Remember that you are in the arms of one who'—"

Another belated clap broke in to spoil again a tender scene. He had placed his arm about her waist and held her hand. She closed her fingers about his, as if fearing he would get away.

"I thought the storm was over," he remarked.

"I think it is. That was merely an after clap. Go on."

"I'm afraid I'd do and another storm comes on I'll have to do it again. That'll make three times. You might say it between two bolts."

A dazzling flash, with simultaneous thunder. He held her tightly in his arms and cried above the reverberations:

"Emmy, dearest, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Her reply was toned to rise above the thunder, which ceased suddenly:

"Yes!"

"I heard you," he said, laughing, and, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, she laughed too.

Much of THE BEAUTY

of a Woman is her Complexion. Our Toilet Articles and Complexion Specialties are of the Purest make, and preserve as well as improve the SKIN. It costs but little to have a good Complexion these days.

Watch Our Windows

St. Bernard Mining Co.
INCORPORATED
DRUG DEPARTMENT
The *Jenall* Store

DONT FREEZE!

BUY A NEW RANGE.
LIVE LONGER—ENJOY LIFE.

Just now you are interested in the SUBJECT of that new Range, you want for the Winter. And you will be more than interested—you will BUY—if you take a look at those we are selling every day.

HARD OAK HEATERS AS EVERY-BODY KNOWS

are the best made, give the greatest amount of heat and comfort, are easy to handle, require little care, and are VERY economical in the consumption of fuel. Keeps your fire 48 hours.

Don't forget our New Perfection Oil Heater—The very thing for a Bath Room and Dining Room. Ask to see our line.

W. H. WHITFORD

Railroad Dope

W. B. Towler, L. & N. locomotive engineer, says, he dreads hiking poles this kind of weather.

E. C. Kirby, Ex-Brakeman, caught the Coal Hoist last night.

Engineer C. C. Edens evidently likes the water wagon by this time he caught it ten trips straight, the lucky Boob.

We are glad to see "Bob" Featherston and "Hun" Davis back in the ticket office, although we are sorry they had to leave the Dispatcher's office. Cheer up Boys business will pick up again.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *J. C. Fletcher*

Subscribe for THE BEE and read the "Trey O' Hearts"



My Great First Annual THANKSGIVING

Stock Reducing Sale Is Now On

Will Close Thursday, November 26



7 Spools O. N. T. Cotton for 25 cents

Best Calico Per. Yard 4 Cents

Hundreds of customers have attended this sale during the past week and gone away well satisfied and one more week will bring many of these back with hundreds of buyers. These we can more than please with the many bargains that I have to offer in brand new, seasonable up-to-date merchandise.

EVERYTHING REDUCED

SALE PRICES STRICTLY FOR CASH

Special

We have 21 suits left from our first week. These I have assorted in three lots. Every suit brand new 1914 styles. Prices quoted are for the retail trade and not for other merchants to buy and sell again at a profit.

Lot 1—Suits that were worth \$12.50, \$13.50, \$15 and \$16.50, your choice of this lot for..... **\$10.98**

Lot 2—Suits that were worth \$17.50, \$20 and \$25.50, your choice..... **\$14.98**

Lot 3—Suits that were worth \$21, \$27.50 and \$30, your choice for..... **\$19.98**

Ladies Coats

I have them in all the new styles and wanted colors—Corirole, black and blue broadcloth. Fancy manish cloths and serges.

\$6 coats for..... **\$4.75**
\$7.50 coats for..... **\$5.50**
\$10.50 coats for..... **\$7.75**
\$12 coats for..... **\$10.50**
\$15 coats for..... **\$12.75**

\$20 coats for..... **\$16.00**

Misses' and Children's Coats

That means both styles and quality at a great big reduction.

\$2.50 coats for..... **\$2.00**
\$3 coats for..... **\$2.50**
\$4 coats for..... **\$3.25**
\$5 coats for..... **\$4.25**

Ladies skirts, waist, and kimonas at a money saving price, can be had during this last weeks sale.

Dress Goods and Silks

Some very specials: prices to be had in new up-to-date Dress goods and silks.

25c Dress Goods for..... **20c**
50c Dress Goods for..... **40c**
\$1 Dress Goods for..... **80c**
\$1.50 Dress Goods..... **\$1.35**

Staples

My stock of Staples, all of which is reduced. If you need anything in the staple line it means a big saving to you to come here first.

10 yards Hope Bleached for..... **75c**
10 Yards Hoosier Browns..... **60c**
10c Apron Check, per yd..... **7c**
10c Dress Gingham, per yd..... **8c**
12c Dress Gingham, per yd..... **11c**
15c Dress Gingham, per yd..... **12c**
Best A F C Oatting, per yd..... **8c**
Best 10c Cotton Bating, 3 for..... **25c**
9-4 Brown Sheeting per yd..... **20c**
33 Indian Head..... **11c**
9-4 Bleached Sheeting, per yd..... **25c**

BIG REDUCTION IN CARPETS, MATTINGS, RUGS, DRUGGETS AND DRAPERIES.

Shoes Shoes

SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

Every pair safe brand new fall styles, in all the new toes and heels—made by the best manufacturers—the WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN—such as Edwin Clapp Shoes, Walkovers and McElwain Shoe Companies.

While it is a fact that the European war has caused a big advance in shoes, still I bought my stock before this advance, and have overstocked myself. I have TOO MANY SHOES, and if you need shoes for either yourself or any of your family, now is the time to save both time and money during this Thanksgiving sale.

10 per cent discount on all shoes in stock.

\$6.00 Edwin Clapp Shoes for..... **\$4.98**
\$5.00 Walover and standard Quality Shoes for..... **\$3.98**

10 Per cent discount on everything in Rubber Goods.

Eight Days Special

IN MENS AND BOYS HATS

\$1.00 Hat for..... **80c**
\$1.50 Hat for..... **\$1.35**
\$2.00 Hat for..... **\$1.65**
\$3.00 for..... **\$2.40**
\$4. Stetson Hat your choice for..... **\$3.50**

Men's and Boy's Underwear

25c Boys' Underwear for..... **20c**
50c Boys' Underwear or..... **40c**
\$1.00 Men's Underwear—Wrigt's Health Brand for..... **80c**
50c Men's Underwear for..... **40c**
\$1.00 Men's Underwear, Coopers, Derby ribbed for..... **75c**
\$1.50 Men's Wright Underwear Derby ribbed, special for..... **\$1.05**
10 Per cent reduction on Ladies Misses and Childrens Underwear.
20 per cent reduction in Men's Pants.

Special

8 young men's suits sizes 32 and 30 only
Regular price \$10, \$12.50 and \$15
your choice for the lot for..... **\$4.98**

Special

for the next 8 days Comforts, Blankets and Counterpanes at a big reduction.

20 per cent reduction in Boy's Clothing

40 per cent reduction in Overalls

20 per cent reduction in Man's Pants

H. D. COWAND,

Earlington, Ky.

LUMBER

QUALITY RIGHT PRICES RIGHT

BE SURE AND MAIL US YOUR LIST
FOR OUR LOWEST ESTIMATE.
CALL, WRITE OR PHONE

Sash, Doors, Columns, Millwork
RUBY LUMBER COMPANY
Incorporated

Madisonville, Ky.

2 IN 1
SHOE POLISHES
Black White Tan 10c
In our new "Easy-Opening-Box." No trouble. No muss.
THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LTD.
BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON, ONT.

FOREST NOTES

The town forest of Baden-Baden, Germany, yields an annual profit of \$5.25 per acre, or a total net profit of nearly \$67,500.

Outside of its use for fence posts, black locust finds its principal utilization in insulator pins and brackets for telegraph and telephone lines.

One hundred shade trees will be planted by the Massachusetts forestry association in cities or towns of four population classes

which win prize contests for excellence in street tree planting.

The Russian government has placed an embargo on all kinds of lumber, to prevent its exportation; walnut lumber, including Circassian walnut, much prized by American furniture makers, is specifically mentioned.

Experiences with forest fires on the national forests this year show that automobiles, where they can be used, furnish the quickest and surest transportation for crews of fire fighters. Motor rates are higher than those

for teams for the actual time employed, but the total cost per distance traveled and in wages paid to men in getting to fires is much less. The time-saving is self evident; trips which ordinarily require two days' time by team have been made by automobile in a few hours.

Try This for Your Cough

Thousands of people keep coughing because unable to get the right remedy. Coughs are caused by inflammation of Throat and Bronchial tubes. What you need is to soothe this inflammation. Take Dr. King's New Discovery. It penetrates the delicate mucous lining, raises the Phlegm and quickly relieves the congested membranes. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist. "Dr. King's New Discovery quickly and completely stopped my cough," writes J. B. Watts, Floydale, Texas. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

COURT OF APPEALS

We are authorized to announce J. F. GORDON as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, for the First Appellate District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CIRCUIT JUDGE

We are authorized to announce J. W. Blue, Jr., as a candidate for

Circuit Judge of the districts composed of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston counties, subject to the action of the Democratic party in the Primary August 1915.

We are authorized to announce W. J. Cox as a candidate for Circuit Judge of this judicial district, composed of the counties of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston subject to the action of the democratic party in the August primary 1915.

We are authorized to announce Lee Gibson as a candidate for Circuit Judge of this judicial district composed of the counties of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston; subject to the action of the democratic party in the August primary 1915.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce Ruby Laffoon as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney for the fourth judicial district composed of the counties of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston, subject to the action of the Democratic primary August 1915.

Circuit Court Clerk

We are authorized to announce John Reading for the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Hopkins county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Subscribe For The Bee

A Message To Women

Those of Middle Age Especially.

When you have found no remedy for the horrors that oppress you during change of life, when through the long hours of the day it seems as though your back would break, when your head aches constantly, you are nervous, depressed and suffer from those dreadful bearing down pains, don't forget that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the safest and surest remedy, and has carried hundreds of women safely through this critical period.

Read what these three women say:

From Mrs. Hornung, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—"I am writing to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I failed terribly during the last winter and summer and every one remarked about my appearance. I suffered from a female trouble and always had pains in my back, no appetite and at times was very weak.

"I was visiting a friend's house one day and she thought I needed Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and have gained eight pounds, have a good appetite and am feeling better every day. Everybody is asking me what I am doing and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You may publish this letter if you wish and I hope others who have the same complaint will see it and get health from your medicine as I did."—Mrs. A. HORNUNG, 91 Stanton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Was A Blessing To This Woman.

So. RICHMOND, VA.—"I was troubled with a bearing down pain and a female weakness and could not stand long on my feet. Of all the medicines I took nothing helped me like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now regular and am getting along fine. I cannot praise the Compound too much. It has been a blessing to me and I hope it will be to other women."—Mrs. D. TYLEN, 23 West Clopton St., South Richmond, Va.

Pains in Side, Could Hardly Stand.

Low, Wis.—"I was in a bad condition, suffering from a female trouble, and I had such pains in my sides I could hardly move. Before I had taken the whole of one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt better, and now I am well and can do a good day's work. I tell every body what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. JOHN THOMAS, Lodi, Wisconsin.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Go to Church Because:

It is an Attractive Place to Spend at Least Part of the Sabbath

GO TO CHURCH because the church is an attractive place to spend part of the Sabbath.

IN THE GO TO CHURCH MOVEMENT WHICH SPREAD LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE LAST SPRING AND WHICH IS LIKELY TO HAVE AN ADDED IMPETUS VERY SOON, THE HERALDING OF THE FACT THAT THE HOUSE OF GOD IS AN INVITING PLACE WAS MORE OR LESS LOST SIGHT OF. A CHURCH EDIFICE, NO MATTER HOW POOR THE COMMUNITY, INVARIABLY IS ARCHITECTURALLY NEAT WITHIN AND WITHOUT. THE ENVIRONMENT ALWAYS IS BEAUTIFUL. THE PEOPLE YOU MEET IN CHURCH ARE THE RIGHT SORT. THE PASTOR MEETS YOU WITH A SMILING COUNTERNANCE AND WORDS OF CHEER. THE SINGING OF THE CHOIR IS UPLIFTING. THE SERMONS ARE EDUCATIONAL.

Can a man who professes faith in God give one sane reason why he should stay away from divine worship on Sunday? Is there a more attractive place to spend an hour on the Sabbath than in the house of God? The joy that one gets in church, the joy that he feels after worshipping his Creator, more than repays him for the brief time that he spends in the house of God.

IT DOES SEEM UNNECESSARY THAT THIS APPEAL OR ANY APPEAL SHOULD BE MADE TO ASK PEOPLE TO GO TO CHURCH. THE MANY BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY ACCRUING TO THE REGULAR ATTENDANTS AT CHURCH ARE SELF APPARENT. ONE HAS A BETTER FEELING WITHIN HIMSELF AND WITH THE WORLD IN GENERAL. REPORTS FROM CLERGYMEN DECLARE THAT THERE HAS BEEN BUT LITTLE FALLING OFF IN THE ATTENDANCE AT CHURCHES. THOUSANDS OF NEW MEMBERS WERE TAKEN IN DURING THE SPRING CAMPAIGN. IT IS PLEASING TO NOTE THAT THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THEM ARE REMAINING TRUE TO THEIR CONVICTIONS.

GO TO CHURCH!

L. & N. TIMECARD.

Time of arrival of trains passing through and departure of trains originating at Earlington. Effective Sunday, Oct. 18, 1914.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 92..... 6.28 a. m.
No. 94..... 11.18 a. m.
No. 96..... 8.15 p. m.
No. 98..... 11.30 p. m.
No. 44..... 8.55 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 55..... 4.35 a. m.
No. 96..... 8.32 a. m.
No. 98..... 4.26 p. m.
No. 99..... 10.55 p. m.
No. 45..... 11.35 p. m.

No. 41 and 45 Sunday only. No. 45 does not run South of Earlington.

INTERURBAN TRAINS.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 106..... 8.00 a. m.
No. 108..... 2.47 p. m.
No. 110..... 5.02 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 105..... 7.10 a. m.
No. 107..... 1.42 p. m.

No. 109..... 3.22 p. m.
No. 111..... 6.10 p. m.

No. 111 does not run South of Earlington.

M. H. & E. TIME CARD.

M. H. & E. time card went into effect Sunday, Oct. 18, 1914.

No. 112 leaves..... 5:45 a. m.
No. 118 arrives..... 2:47 p. m.
112 and 118 daily except Sunday.

I. C. R. R. TIME CARD

Time of departure of Illinois Central trains from Nortonville, Ky.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 102..... 1.28 p. m.
No. 104..... 3.30 a. m.
No. 122, local pass..... 10.45 a. m.
No. 136, local..... 6.36 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 101..... 4.08 p. m.
No. 103..... 2.08 a. m.
No. 121, local pass..... 12.45 p. m.
No. 135, local pass..... 5.53 a. m.

An Acquittal and a Conviction

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

When my uncle Charles Dingley was found dead one morning in his bed I as his nearest male relative was at once summoned. I went to his room, which had been left untouched in every particular, and by the bed on which the body lay I found a bottle about two inches high and one inch square, around the four sides of which was pasted a label with the usual "Poison" warning printed on it.

There was nothing in my uncle's affairs to indicate that he had had any intention of committing suicide. He had not been very well for a few days, but there was nothing serious the matter with him. He might have been murdered and the bottle placed at his side to give the impression that he had taken poison. There were no marks on the body to indicate that he had been murdered.

The establishment of the facts in the case did not appeal to me. My uncle was dead, and whether he had been murdered or unharmed himself made little difference to me. To put detectives on the case would cost money, but who would be the gainer? The authorities came to the house, made a perfunctory examination of the body and its surroundings and reported that the deceased had come to his death by means of poison administered by him self.

I went through the house myself looking for a clue. I had found a tumbler on the table with the poison and in the kitchen pantry found a dozen others of the same shape and make.

That fact indicated that the tumbler had come from the pantry. Dishes containing different kinds of food—mostly left over—were in the closet, one of them being a saucer of preserved peaches. It had apparently been knocked over, and a little of the juice had been spilled on the floor. It occurred to me that whoever had taken down the tumbler from the shelf had done so in the dark and had put his hand against the dish of peach preserves.

If he had done this some of the juice, if it had got on his fingers, might have adhered to them. I found faint, cloudy smears on the tumbler and, putting the tip of my tongue on them, thought I could detect saccharine matter. Examining the label on the poison bottle carefully, I found stains that I inferred might be the same as the cloud on the glass.

I locked up the tumbler and the bottle of poison, but had no desire to go any further with my examinations. I saw nothing to be gained by unearthing the mystery.

Fate decided, however, that it should be unraveled, or, rather, it should come out that there was no mystery at all. I was engaged to a girl who had discarded a former lover. Herman Goodsell hated me and brought about a suspicion that I had murdered my uncle. But this did not occur until my uncle had been buried. The will when opened disclosed the fact that my uncle had left a lot of money and every cent of it to me. Then our one began to get in his fine work, whispering here and there, till the police felt obliged to take cognizance of the reports and arrested me for murder.

The first thing I did was to engage an attorney and through him obtain the exhumation of the body for the purpose of having the finger prints taken. This was done. Then I had the tumbler that had stood by my uncle's bed examined with a microscope. A faint yellow substance was found on it, which contained a finger print. By treating the label of the poison bottle chemically a very clear finger print was obtained.

I had no idea how the accusation against me had started until my fiancée told me that she had probed the matter and traced a beginning to her former lover. This put me on my mettle to thwart him, and I named him as one of my witnesses to be subpoenaed for my trial. I gave my lawyer a list of questions to ask him, most of which had been furnished me by my sweet heart. When the case was called he was one of the first witnesses to take the stand, and my attorney soon showed malevolence on his part in this. That he had gone about spreading the reports that I had murdered my uncle. This had nothing to do with the case, but was intended for revenge.

When my real defense came up my attorney made short work of the matter. He had the tumbler and the label of the poison bottle in court, copies of the finger prints on them and a finger print of my uncle's thumb and two forefinger tips. They talked exactly.

Goodsell was in court when I received my vindication. Under my instruction he received a tongue lashing that he was not likely to forget. My advocate showed how little evidence there had been against me, how it had been worked up by Goodsell and his reasons for having started the suspicions against me which had led to a needless and expensive trial. Goodsell cringed under it. Indeed, my acquittal was his conviction. When my counsel had ceased speaking my accuser left the courtroom and has never shown his face in the place since.

My uncle's bequest was a surprise to me, for I supposed he had little or nothing of value to leave and what he had would go to another branch of the family.

A DIAMOND RING

By M. QUAD

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If any one had told my friends that I was possessed of the slightest spark of romance at the age of forty-five the information would have been received as a base canard. A bachelor of that age, who has drifted about with all sorts of people and bumped up against all sorts of adventures, is pretty sure to have had all romance knocked out of him.

On a certain Tuesday I took a train at Elmer Junction for London, and as there were but few passengers I had a compartment to myself. I had been busy with a newspaper for half an hour when I noticed a small package lying under the opposite seat. I found it a plain pasteboard box and was prepared to find a specimen of free chewing gum or a new brand of toiles inside. It was something different, however. It was a lady's diamond ring, made up of five stones of the finest water, and on the inside were the initials "B. P." The ring was a double hoop of gold and had probably been made to order. It was lying closely in the box, and the box had once contained steel pens. I argued that it must have been some careless person who carried a valuable ring in that fashion.

I am only a fairly honest man. My first idea was to keep the ring to my own profit, but I remembered that I was known to the railway porter and that the property might be traced to me.

If not strictly honest I am prudent, and I therefore gave up the idea of converting the ring. I would hold it for a reward, however. Half an hour later I felt a curious sensation stealing over me. I began to feel sentimental. I began to connect that dear little ring with a dear little blond haired, blue eyed girl. I got up and kicked myself three times and called myself a fool, but the feeling did not go away. To my astonishment and indignation I found it growing stronger, and before I knew it the grip of romance had got me by the neck.

I was a man of leisure, though I had no great amount of money to my credit. I would hunt up the owner of that ring, and if all things went well I would marry her. For a week I watched all the newspapers, but the ring was not advertised. This seemed to prove to me that the owner was either rich and indifferent to her loss or that for some reason the loss had not yet been discovered. Romance made me anxious, and I therefore went to the expense of advertising in five different papers. I simply stated that a diamond ring had been found on a railroad train and asked the loser to correspond.

Inside of three days I received about 150 letters in reply. The 150 writers were fakers and liars, and the true loser had not answered me. I was a bit nettled at this neglect on her part. I advertised again. This time I asked "B. P." to communicate with me in case she had lost anything. There were just 107 "B. P." answers, but among them I selected one which appeared to be genuine. This "B. P." had lost a double hoop diamond ring containing five stones. It had been lost on a railroad train and was a birthday gift from a dead mother. I was asked to call at the chambers of a certain solicitor to have the ring further identified. I was on hand at the appointed hour. So was a stern faced, aggressive looking householder, together with a slick looking villain whom I had once spotted for a detective and a young woman whose hair was red instead of blond. The ring was speedily identified by the stern faced man and red headed girl. "B. P." was Bertha Perkins, and her father and her maid were before me. Perkins was a country squire, and on the night previous to my finding the ring his daughter's jewels had been stolen. The hoop ring was part of the plunder.

Of course I was ready to hand over the ring, but it wasn't to stop there. The red headed maid was sure she recognized me as the man who was hanging about the grounds a few hours before the robbery, and that villain of a detective was only too glad to snap the handcuffs on my wrists and hurry me off to jail.

It took me three days to prove myself respectable and to establish an alibi. They had to give me my liberty, but it was grudgingly done, and the detective said he'd have an eye on me all the rest of my days. The romance had departed when I was locked up. I came out of jail determined to secure reparation. Old Perkins had helped the red headed girl to conclude that I was the robber, and I went down to his country seat to receive an abject apology or pull his nose. He not only refused an apology, but threatened to kick me off the grounds, and the red headed girl declared I had a cast in my left eye, and by that cast she would swear me in any court as a man who would not stop at murder. There was one more thing to be cleared up. I wanted to find out about "B. P." herself. Was she the blond haired, blue eyed girl of my dreams, and was she worthy of my love? I had not long to wait. I was walking from the country seat to the village when a dogcart knocked me down and rolled me all over the road, and the driver halted to call me a tramp and threaten me with the law. The driver was "B. P." Her hair was bleached, her eyebrows colored and her nose turned up. She had a big mouth, bad teeth and milky eyes, and when she drove on she whistled like a man.

The Terror Of Darkness

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

"I have wondered," said Ned Foster, "since an episode that occurred to me in the dark that blind persons are not all arrant cowards. Children who fear nothing by daylight are timid when they can see nothing. Women who will spend day after day in a house alone will look under the beds at night for robbers, although at the time surrounded by their family.

"While traveling I entered a city one evening where there was a celebration of some sort and was obliged to sleep in the same room with some one else. I did not see the other fellow, nor did he see me. There was a bed for each of us, and he was in his bed before I went to the room. His face was turned from me, and all I could see of him was a little bald spot on the back of his head.

"I undressed, put my wallet, containing a couple of hundred dollars, under my pillow, turned off the light and went to bed.

"I am not an effeminate man or a coward by daylight, but I am free to confess that the moment I found myself in a dark room with a strange man an uneasiness crept over me that I was ashamed of. I tried to think of the olden times, when taverns were small affairs and one might be thankful if he could get half of a bed with a stranger instead of a whole one to himself even in the same room. Imagination began to work upon me, and it was not long before I had a picture before me of my roommate standing over me with a long knife in one hand raised to drive into me, while the other was thrust under my pillow in search of my wallet.

"I could not sleep. My throat was dry, and I wished for a drink of water. I feared that if I arose to get one my roommate might fear that I was getting up for some hostile design against him. I was as much afraid of his fears as I was of him. However, the night was as hot as my throat, and, slipping out of bed quietly, I groped toward what I supposed to be the washstand.

"What was my horror at putting my hand on hair, not only on hair, but the bald spot of a man's head that it surrounded. I withdrew it immediately and retreated on tiptoe. But since I could see nothing I had no idea where I was going. I kept my two hands extended before me, and the first thing I struck was some glass article with a very large top and a very small bottom. It fell and with the usual crash made by breaking glass.

"I heard nothing from my roommate, but fancied that he was doing just what I would do under the circumstances—that is, he had grasped whatever defensive weapon he had and was prepared to defend himself to the death. I stood horror stricken after knocking over the glassware, my heart beating like a kettledrum. I listened, but heard no sound. I felt sure that I had awakened my roommate by putting my hand on his head and that he was keeping perfectly still so as not to reveal himself. Had I heard any movement I would have felt easier.

"Click!" "Was it the cocking of a revolver or one of those sounds that come from a cracking caused by expansion under heat? I did not know, but under excitement I felt sure it was the former. A cocked pistol was undoubtedly pointed out into the darkness. It made matters worse, for now I would not dare strike a match even if I could find one.

"I stood still for what was probably a minute, though it seemed to me a quarter of an hour. Then, touching the wall, I concluded to try to find my bed that I might possess myself of my money. But I did not know which way to move. If I went wrong I might stumble over the bed of my roommate. In the dark a sense of direction leaves us. I was obliged to take a frightful risk, but it was no worse than suspense. I felt my way, making no sound in my bare feet until a board in the floor creaked under my tread.

"My heart stood still, and so did I. "Then I remembered that sound alone does not give direction, and I grew bolder. Passing my hand along the wall, I came to the door frame. Now I had my bearings. I remembered that my bed was beside the door, and in another moment I reached it. Possessing myself of my money, I stood considering what to do. I had no match with which to strike a light and would not dare use it if I had one. I concluded to take advantage of being near the door and get out of the room even at the risk of being shot.

"With my valuables in one hand I unlocked the door with the other; then, opening it quickly, I slipped out into a lighted hall. Finding a speaking tube handy, I asked the night clerk to come to me and gave him the situation. Not having been worked upon by the dark as I had been, he bravely opened the door of the room I had left, went in and lighted the gas. I followed him.

"There in the other fellow's bed was the bald spot I had seen turned toward me. The clerk went up to the man and spoke to him. No answer. The clerk shook him. Still there was no apparent consciousness.

"He's sound asleep," said the clerk. "I noticed when he came in that he was very full."

"Well," said I, "if the fool killer should come along he would take me and burn me at the stake."

The Santa Maria Derelict

By M. QUAD

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Or all the devilish, cold blooded things done by men you will have read of few to equal what took place aboard one of the Spanish merchantmen, the Santa Maria, in the year 1502. It was published in the papers at the time, but only a partial account, and as we had war and excitement at home the incident was soon forgotten.

One of the oldest business houses in Mexico up to the date above named was that of the Spanish house of Galera & Co., founded seventy-five years previously. The business of the house was banking, mining, merchandising and cattle raising. It had a dozen branches in Mexico, and it had dealings with half a dozen countries. In a financial sense it was stronger than the government, and its yearly profits footed up an enormous sum. A son of the founder had succeeded to the management, and when old age came he turned over the active work to a cousin named Alvarez. The new manager was a young man of twenty-five, born in Spain of a fine family and had been educated for the priesthood. He was a man without a vice. Such was his probity that he was called "Holy Alvarez" even in his youth. At an enormous salary and with autocratic powers young Alvarez took over the management of affairs in Mexico, and almost as soon as he stepped foot on North American soil a change took place in his character. He began to drink, gamble and play fast and loose.

Of course there was gossip about the new manager, and there were those who predicted that his extravagances would ultimately bring ruin to the old house, but there were no official complaints. He knew little or nothing of business, but he did know how to spend money royally, and in a year he had people guessing how much longer it would take him to bankrupt the house. It was after the balance sheets had proved to him that he was spending more than the profits of the house and was a debtor to an enormous amount that he set about preparing a grand coup. The Spanish merchantman was loaded with a consignment of gold, silver, copper, furs and dyestuffs for Spain and the cargo insured to the last cent. Alvarez took into his confidence a young man named Prado, and when the Santa Maria sailed his confederate went with her as supercargo.

The ship was manned by a crew of fourteen men, all Spaniards. Thirty days after her sailing to the southward the American bark Homeward left the port of Valparaiso homeward bound. We had been out three days when we ran into a dead calm, with the weather so terribly hot that the deck planks smoked in the sun. As we lay heaving on the ground swell a small boat drifted into view. It seemed to be empty, and it had been in sight for two hours and was not over half a mile away when the captain decided to pick it up. A boat was sent off, and when she returned the stranger we had a sad spectacle under our eyes. There was a dead man lying at full length under the thwart.

About two days later we came up with a derelict from which the man in the boat had no doubt escaped. On board a horrible sight met us—the bodies of fourteen dead men.

The derelict was a great find to us. Her manifest showed a cargo valued at over \$2,000,000, and the ship was all right above deck.

As the man got away alone and had provisioned the boat it must have been after the others were dead. He it was, then, who had brought about the wholesale death of the crew, and he must have had a strong motive. That motive was discovered when some of the boxes of treasure were hoisted out of the lazaret and broken open. Aside from one or two boxes, the whole treasure business was a fake. Lead had been substituted for silver and gold. The furs were a cheat and a fraud, and the value of the dyestuffs was not one-quarter of the sum they were insured for. A second and closer search of the stateroom evidently occupied by the supercargo gave us the key to unlock the whole mystery. He had left behind a letter of instruction signed by Alvarez at the City of Mexico, and in that we learned that the name of the dead man was Prado.

With the anger hole plugged and a part of our crew on board the Santa Maria, we laid our course for the port of Valdivia, and in due time both craft arrived there in good shape. The dead had been given burial, of course, but there was no lack of other proofs. As soon as the plot was unraveled steps were taken for the arrest of Alvarez in Mexico, and our claim for salvage was filed. Governments move slowly in international matters. It was months before they got ready to arrest the man who had plotted this sea tragedy. He had meanwhile continued his career of dissipation and extravagance, depending upon his insurance money to make everything good. News got to him somehow from Valdivia of the derelict being towed in, and he left Mexico and hid away in Bolivia. There he was at last found, but he cheated the hangman by committing suicide.

As a plot hatched against an equal and as a tragedy of the sea one must believe that Prado was little short of a devil incarnate to sweep aside coolly the fourteen human beings who stood in his path.

A Sunday Morning

By F. A. MITCHEL

James Weatherby awakened at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning and lay staring at the walls of his room. On them were a dingy dub of a water mill and an engraving of Benjamin Franklin. Being in a court, not a ray of sunlight could permeate the apartment.

Six mornings had Weatherby awakened in this room, and this was the seventh—yet the seventh day of the week, but the seventh day since he had awakened in his own little home. Turning on his side, his eyes rested on one of those framed words one sees here and there in lieu of pictures. It read "God Bless Our Home" and under it "Remember the Sabbath Day." He thought of the Sunday mornings that he had awakened at home. Little Jim climbed out of his crib and joined his father in bed, while Mrs. Jim went downstairs to start the breakfast. Big Jim, on his back, would hold little Jim up at arm's length, his feet under the child.

Then had come quarrels between Weatherby and his wife. Mrs. Weatherby was frugal, and Jim was careless with his money. He was hard for an economical wife to manage, and sometimes she would lose her patience with him. At last Jim declared he would no longer stand her harrowing, as he called it, and left her.

This was a week ago. As Jim lay looking at the words "God Bless Our Home" and "Remember the Sabbath Day" he went over and over again in his mind those happy Sunday mornings he had spent at home. After he and little Jim had had their play he had taken his bath, put on his Sunday clothes, and on that morning he had always helped Jimmie to dress. Then the three had met at the breakfast table, on which there was always something nice provided for Sunday morning.

While Weatherby was looking at the mottoes on the wall and thinking of his home the words were having their effect on his heart. It seemed to him that there was a connection between the two. "God Bless Our Home" caused him to think what home was, how different from the lonely room to which he had moved, and "Remember the Sabbath Day" set him to thinking in a quiet vein. After all, was not the economy his wife had urged necessary? Suppose he should be suddenly taken away. And suppose his wife should soon follow him. What would little Jim do? His father pictured him hustled off to some charitable institution or, worse, trying at a tender age to make his living on the streets.

The thought made Jim restless. He got out of bed, splashed a little water on his face, dressed himself and went downstairs. In his pocket were his week's wages that he had received the day before. He had been tempted to spend it in a saloon and went there to do so, but somehow the place didn't look as attractive as it had often looked when he knew that his wife would chide him on his return home. The full amount was intact.

He stood in the sunlight, thinking. It was 7 o'clock. His Sunday morning breakfast hour at home was half past 8. That home was three miles away, but he would gladly walk it to have his breakfast at home. He walked down the street, passing one restaurant after another, trying to force himself into one of them to get a meal. But his stomach rebelled.

"I can go home," he said, "and eat with Molly and the kid. But what use? There would soon be more trouble about the expenses, and every time I paid a car fare instead of walking home after a hard day's work I'd get a scolding."

Then the thought of little Jim left on the world came to him again.

He was walking in the direction of his home, and as he thought he walked the faster. When he had gone a mile he stopped. Then he went on for another mile and stopped again. A third time he stopped and stood looking at his home a short distance away.

A clock struck 8. Molly was getting the breakfast. Who was helping little Jim dress himself? He could get on his clothes, but could he get the buttons in the holes? Weatherby could see the window of the boy's room and fancied him trying to "button himself up." Involuntarily Jim started forward.

A few minutes later Molly Weatherby, standing over the range, heard the kitchen door open. Turning, she saw her husband. He had a roll of bills in his hand and handed them to her.

"It's yesterday's pay," he said. "Take it. You can run the finances better than I. I never want to see a cent of the money again."

Molly threw her arms around his neck.

"Where's the kid?" Jim asked presently, and without awaiting a reply he went upstairs.

"Hello, pop!" cried Jim. "Ain't I glad you came! This button is too big for this hole and won't go in at all."

Jim hugged the boy, then helped him to finish dressing. After that they went down to breakfast.

"Oh, Jim," said his wife, "somehow I couldn't bear to leave out the muffins you always eat for breakfast, though I didn't suppose you'd be here. Won't it lucky?"

"It wasn't exactly luck," replied Jim. He was thinking of the mottoes "God Bless Our Home" and "Remember the Sabbath Day."

TWO VIEWS OF A FACE

A Story For Halloween

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

It is singular how certain callings will be considered criminal in one age and respectable in another. There was a period—the early part of the nineteenth century—when the professional gambler in what is now the middle west was quite a prominent personage in the community. So in England there was a period when the highwayman, especially he who robbed the rich and gave to the poor, was regarded as a very good medium for the equalizing of fates. Some of England's best blood has been represented on the highway.

One evening a couple of hundred years ago a gentleman and his daughter were bumping along in a chaise on an unpaved road that led from London to their home near Clough when they were stopped by a masked horseman who appeared at the window and demanded their valuables. Sir Evan Wetherby, the father, produced his money and his watch without resistance, but Evelyn, his daughter, demurred.

"I will give you, sir," she said, "the only valuable article I have, which you cannot take from me by force, provided you will give me a glimpse of your features."

"Pray what may that be?"

"I shall not tell you."

The robber hesitated, then lifted his mask, and by the side light on the chaise Evelyn saw the face of a young man, singularly handsome and refined. She remained silent for a time, and the highwayman said:

"I have kept my part of the contract. It only remains for you to keep yours. What is this article that I may not take by force?"

"My heart."

At that moment there was a sound of horses' hoofs coming, and the highwayman rode away with the words:

"So be it. I shall some day call for it."

Evelyn Brierly was but seventeen when she made this bargain. When questioned as to her intent when she made it she replied that she could not explain what induced her to say that in exchange for a view of the man's features she would give the only valuable article she had, nor had she framed a reply as to what the article was. She only knew that when she saw the strikingly handsome features of a gentleman the answer came to her from she knew not where and her reply was involuntary.

That was a period when Cromwell's roundheads had defeated the forces of King Charles I. and Cromwell had made himself lord protector of England. The king's adherents were deprived of their fortunes and scattered. Some of them sought service in the armies of foreign sovereigns, and some, in order to make a living, took to the road. Among these was Lord Walter Wetherby, whose father, the Earl of Portland, had been killed at Naseby fighting for the king. Walter, the last of his race, had served under Prince Rupert, and after the beheading of the king his estates had been confiscated, leaving him penniless. He was one of those who took to the road for a living, and it was he who had stopped the chaise of Sir Evan Brierly and made the singular bargain with Evelyn. He afterward joined the young king (Charles II.) on the continent and at the restoration returned with the king, who restored to him his ancestral estates.

Meanwhile Evelyn Brierly grew to be a handsome woman. The face of the highwayman and the mysterious influence that had induced her to pledge him her heart in exchange for a glimpse of it never left her. The years went by, and he did not return to claim his own. Sometimes she dreaded he would and sometimes feared he would not. After awhile she began to think that he had suffered for his crimes on the gallows.

One October evening—it was Halloween—Evelyn stole out of her home and went across the fields to the river bank. The moon was but a few days old and was dividing the day and the night. Evelyn stood on the river bank among scattered trees and, raising a mirror she held in her hand, said aloud:

"Good moon, show me my future husband."

There was a sound of breaking twigs behind her, and a face appeared reflected in the glass. It was the well remembered face of the highwayman.

"Miss Brierly," he said, "one night some years ago I gave you a sight of my face for your heart. To give you good measure I give you another sight of the same unworthy object."

Evelyn dropped the mirror and turned.

"The highwayman!" she exclaimed. "The repentant highwayman, formerly Walter Wetherby of Prince Rupert's army, then reduced to make a living on the road, now Earl of Portland!"

"I did not know what I was saying," said the girl, turning away. "The young Earl caught her, saying:

"Nevertheless you said it, and I have come for my own."

Evelyn Brierly became Countess of Portland and for a short while a member of the court of King Charles. But the profligacy of the court soon drove her to her husband's home near Windsor, where she remained, living a somewhat secluded life with her husband and her children.

The Fair One With the Golden Locks

By RYLAND BELL

I first fell in love with Gwendolyn Winchester's hair. We hear much of golden hair, but I have never seen but one head of hair the real color of gold. That was Miss Winchester's. She wore it as loose as any hair can be dressed. Indeed, it resembled a balloon in its shape.

Having fallen in love with the young lady's hair, I proceeded to fall in love with the girl herself. We boarded in the same house; consequently I saw her often. But she kept very much to herself, and none of us became familiar with her. Sometimes she would sit with me after dinner for a short while, but none of the other boarders was so honored. At such times, especially when we sat side by side, I noticed a dampness in the air which seemed to come from my companion. I once asked her how she made each individual hair stand out by itself, and she said that she washed it very often. There was a great deal of dust floating about, and it got into her hair. This was the cause of the frequent washings.

After giving her a number of invitations I finally succeeded in inducing Miss Winchester to go to the theater with me. When at the raising of the curtain she took off her hat and displayed her wealth of hair many persons turned their eyes upon it admiringly. It seemed to me that not only its hue was golden, but that in one or two places it had a golden sparkle. I asked her if she ever used a gold powder. She looked at me in a startled way and said:

"No. What makes you think so?"

"Because there is a place in your hair which sparkles as though you had put gold powder on it."

She put her hand up and asked me where was the spot I referred to and was not satisfied till I directed her to it.

Miss Winchester held a position of some sort, but she told none of us where or what it was. She went out about 8 o'clock in the morning and returned at 4. On her return she went into her room and locked the door. I understood that she wished to rest till dinner. I could not understand why, if she needed rest, she took the trouble to wash her hair so often. Women usually make a great ado about washing their hair, and when they do are usually to be seen sitting about with it hanging loose. Miss Winchester would wash her hair between 4 and 5 o'clock and come down to dinner with it done up at half past 6. I once asked her how she dried it so rapidly and she said by fanning it. This added to my wonder that she should take so much trouble after a day's work.

I asked the young lady on several occasions to give me a lock of her beautiful hair, but she always declined. One evening when we were sitting together a lock came loose. My business requires me to carry a small pair of scissors in my vest pocket, and I surprisedly cut off the strand without her being aware of what I had done.

When I went to my room I held the strand near the gas jet to examine it. On it I noticed a particle of a substance that reflected the light. Among my knickknacks I kept a magnifying glass—not a scientific instrument, but such as could be carried in the pocket. I brought it to bear on the particle and saw that it was either stone or metal. I judged that it was metal, since one of its minute facets reflected the light. Moreover, moving the light about on the lock I detected other particles, though most of them were much smaller than the first.

I don't know what prompted me to do so—idle curiosity, I suppose—but I put the lock in a glass of water and stirred it to separate the particles. They settled to the bottom of the glass. I poured most of the water off, and the rest of it, including the particles, I poured on to a sheet of white paper. This I held over the gas jet till the water had evaporated and the particles stood out on the white paper infinitely small bits of yellow sand or metal. Picking a little horseshoe magnet out from among my other trinkets, I picked one of the particles up with it. I then knew that it was metal.

I said nothing to any one about the matter. Indeed, I thought very little of it till one afternoon, being in a building, I saw Miss Winchester coming out of an office on the door of which, under the firm name, was the word "Assayers." Assayers may be expected to handle gold dust, and a suspicion at once came to me that the particles I had found in Miss Winchester's hair were golden. I had preserved them and made a further examination to find that my surmise was right.

I ceased my attentions to Miss Winchester, but I dreaded to have it discovered that she was carrying away gold dust that did not belong to her in her hair and, asked for a private interview with her, told her what I had seen and how it had revealed what she had stolen.

She was dreadfully cut up; begged me to keep her secret, and I agreed to do so on her solemn promise to abstain in future.

I never met Miss Winchester again. Somehow after that when I came near a girl with golden locks I could not avoid looking to see if there were scintillations of gold dust.

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